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GEE AITCH 43

No. 32. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Thursday, June 12, 1919

W. C. C. S. Show at Theatre Tonight

More Corps Men Arrive for Duty

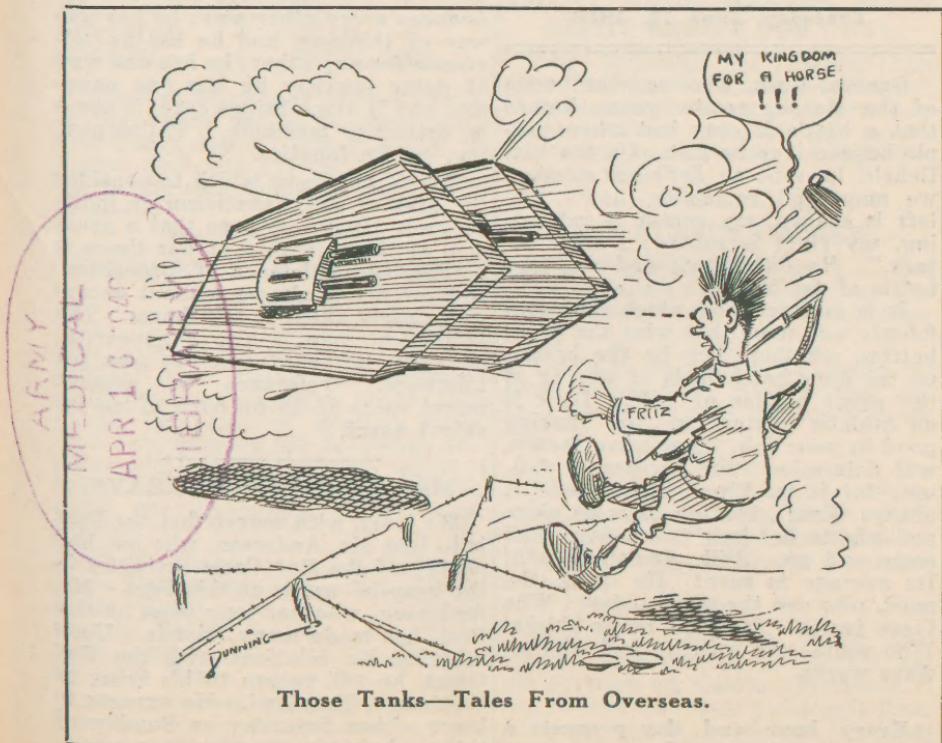
TONIGHT—AGAIN VAUDEVILLE.

The barren stage in the local theatre will be the play-ground of the first vaudeville show given under its roof since the fire of June first. The W. C. C. S. show, furnished us by the Newport News Red Circle Club, will show for us tonight. From the advance information given out, it is a dandy bill and should be well worth our time to see it.

The Martin Quartet composed of

Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder, will appear in various numbers, favoring individually with solos. Murray and McGee, the popular singing and dancing couple, will appear on the program with an entirely new act. A very good movie is billed to blend with the above

Saturday night another big feature moving picture show will occupy the stage. Let's Go!



GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday, and devoted to the interests of General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson, commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field director.

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Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson

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Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day:

Captain Fynlason.

Thursday, June 12, 1919

General Foch, who won the battle of the Marne, wrote years before that a battle is only lost when people believe it to be lost. On the battlefield he sent to Joffre a message we may well remember now: "My left is shaken, my center is retreating, my right is routed; I shall attack." He did attack and won the battle of the Marne.

It is courage and pluck and confidence and hope that wins the great battles, whether they be the battles on the gory battlefields of war or of the great battles of Life. If it is an athletic contest or the making good in your job, these same factors will determine your success or failure, for it is: Pluck that wins! It always wins! Though days be slow, and nights be dark twixt days that come and go. Still, pluck will win! Its average is sure! He wins the most, who can the most endure! Who faces issues! He who never shirks! Who waits, and watches and who always works.

* * *

Every hour and day presents a new opportunity to a brave man.

FANATICISM.

Fanaticism is the wicked daughter of a virtuous mother. Enthusiasm wedded to love gives birth to religion. Enthusiasm wedded to hatred begets fanaticism. It is the same sweet-scented flower becoming honey in the bee and poison in the serpent. When a musical instrument is out of tune and has suffered internal disarrangement, it shrieks whenever any of its keys are touched. That is the way the fanatic expresses himself on any given subject—he shrieks. The faculties of his mind are "jangled and out of tune." Fanaticism is an infection of the mind; it spreads like the small-pox. Paradoxical as it may seem, there are fanatics of silence, of social reform, of education and charity, as well as of religion. The fanatic is a narrow man, whether he be a priest or a philosopher or a prohibitionist. He has one way of believing, and he denounces every other way; he has one way of thinking, and he has no tolerance for any other; he has one way of doing charity; he has one panacea, and it alone brings cure, it alone is orthodox medicine. Philosophy, too, has its fanatics.

We do not know which to consider the greater evil, fanaticism or indifference. It is very true that a great deal of the tolerance of our times is nothing but indolence of disposition. Indifference is almost without exception closely allied to selfishness. The indifferent man is also a hypocrite; he wants his indifference to pass for tolerance. Tolerance is without moral value if he be born of an indolent heart.

MR. ANDERSON TO LEAVE.

We learn with regret that the Post is to lose Mr. Anderson, who has had charge of the Red Cross activities in the hospital wards at this Post. Mr. Anderson, who has long been at this Post, has made many friends. Upon severing his relations with the Red Cross, he will return to his home at Baltimore, Maryland. He expects to leave either Saturday or Sunday of this week.

THIS WONDERFUL NATION.

This wonderful nation
Made civilization
All over Creation
A safe proposition!

Our organization
And co-operation
Made a mean combination
With our ammunition.

The Hun population
And Kaiser's relation
Soon showed indication
Of weakened condition.

Demobilization—
A great old sensation—
Is the situation
For which we are sishin'.
—Anon.

THE THREE S'S.

SHEA	{	SOFT
STETSON		SOAP
SOCHIN		SUPPLIERS

These three gallant youths wanted to tack some handle to their name and finally decided that it should be Speed, Skill and System, but according to the contributor it should read as above.

**DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT
IN WARD 20.**

On Tuesday afternoon, the patients in Ward 20 enjoyed a very delightful and clever entertainment given by six young ladies of the 1919 Revue Company, of Boston, Mass., who were playing the following program with the Chautauqua, which is being conducted in Hampton, Va., under the supervision of Mr. Newcomb:

Mary M. Shane.....	Contralto
Doris Carpenter.....	Reader
Helen Habel.....	Violin
Loretta Taylor.....	Piano
Ruth Long.....	Soprano
Florence White.....	Cello

Four numbers were given, with a complete change of costume, and the pretty girls with their bright smiles

and costumes, completely captivated the entire ward.

The above entertainers were secured through Mr. H. C. Nolley, Entertainment Director, American Red Cross.

BACK FROM FURLough.

Sgt. 1st c. Jack Bowen returned yesterday after spending several days at Atlantic City, N. J. He made good use of his time by indulging in his favorite pastime and vocation, appearing with the Follies in several of their shows given while he was there. He's looking good now and wears the broad smile of contentment.

Pvt. Novick came back after spending ten days at home, and is looking fit in every way to join in the program of athletics to be staged Saturday at Langley Field.

TWENTY-FOUR MENTAL SPECIALISTS ARRIVE FOR DUTY.

One Sergeant and twenty-three privates from St. Elizabeth Hospital, Washington, D. C., arrived here yesterday. These men are all mental specialists and have been assigned to duty at this Post.

THE NURSE'S CORNER.

Miss Slaughter will give a fast game of tennis to any champion. You tennis players take up this challenge.

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We have been asked to notify the housekeeper that strawberries are only worth 25 cents per box at present.

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Heard on the "poach": "Fifty cents, please." "What for?" "The Dance Fund." "But, I don't dance." "That isn't any reason why we should not, is it?"

—o—

WANTED—Desirable young lieutenant, good looking, preferably single (though no serious objections, if not.) One who likes a pleasant time. Address letters to Room 67, Barracks 3.

MORE CORPS MEN EXPECTED.

It is rumored that several more specialists in the treatment of mental patients are soon due to arrive from East Norfolk, Mass., to be assigned for duty on this Post.

TRANSFERRED HERE FROM CAMP DIX, N. J.

Two patients were brought here yesterday from Base Hospital, Camp Dix, N. J., to receive mental treatment.

RUMORS.

Sgt. 1st c. was seen proudly displaying sun "wound stripes" about barracks "H" yesterday, the result of an outing he and the J. W. B. boss had recently on the beach, at which time they hooked and fried fish on the water's edge, while Old Sol dabbed Bernard's back and shoulders with a heap of tan. Even a "pat on the back" is not allowed with the Sarge, since the stripes look and sure feel like fire.

—o—

A mysterious bundle was found over in Ward 5, opened and contained a few articles belonging to the fair sex. The "owner" of the package should handle articles of this kind with better care, and see that they are not played with before she receives them.

—o—

"I don't understand why one of those movie heroes can lick about six thugs when he has a bullet in him."

"That's easy."

"How do you figure?"

"A man can always fight better half shot."

YACHTING ON THE SAND BAR:

A party of our most esteemed, including Mr. Brown, Red X-er, Lt. Mayer, and others, were out on the Micawe late last week, and anchored near a delightful bathing beach. These Annette Kellermans were enjoying their swims quite much, 'n everything, and after again climbing

aboard the yacht to make their homeward trip, found that the tide had greatly receded and left the Micawe docked high and dry upon a sand bar. They played pinochle and sang pirate songs, "Oh, the jolly brig, etc." and wished they had wheels under the old skiff. It was not until three o'clock next morning that the tide came in sufficient to float 'er, and the boat was able to return to the docks. "Yes, you may go boating, dear, but don't go near the water."

EZRA'S COLYUM.

Pvt. Handlin, of Ward 3-22, would surely make a fine teacher in the primary grades. After breakfast each morning he stops in the entrance of the Mess Hall and looks at the pictures.

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Cpl. Cain, of Ward 5, is in receipt of a brand new Hair Cut. The flies sure will have some time trying to roost on his head. It is "Nipped" so close now, that he may have to use 96% to start it growing.

While in France, I had a slicker. It was raining (it always was raining, it seems.) A "frog" wanted a rain-coat, and my bunk-mate—always thirsty and broke—wanted a drink. The result was that the Frog got the slicker, the doughboy the drink, and I got called down for "losing" my slicker.

"I see they have voted the country bone-dry, back in the States," said one buck private to another.

"Just as I expected," said the second B. P. "I knew my mother-in-law would put something over on me while I was away from home."

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Luke McGlue says nothing but the war could have taught us that the Kaiser "didn't raise his boy to be a soldier." He also adds that if the Bolsheviks and the Germans get to real fighting the world will be neutral to the extent of hoping that both sides lose.